Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth,
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. (*Enter Ric.*
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauours greife be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
*Rich.* Ioyne not with greife faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happie dreame,
From which awakt the trueth of what we are
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne brother (sweet)
To grim necessitie, and he and I,
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And cloister thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
VVhich our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.
*Quee.* what is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transformd and weakned? hath Bullingbrooke,
Deposde thine intellect? hath he been in thy hart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth foorth his pawe,
And woundes the earth if nothing else with rage,
To be ore-powr'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take the correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
VVhich art a Lion and the king of beasts.
*King.* a King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takest
As from my death bed thy last liuing leaue;
In winters tedious nights sit by the fire,
with good old folkes, and let them tell the tales,
Of woefull ages long agoe betidde:

And



And ere thou bid good
Tell thou the lamenta
And send the hearers
For why, the senselesse
The heauy accent of t
And in compassion we
And some wil mourne
For the deposing of a r
*North.* My Lord, th
You must to Pomfret,
And Madam, there is
With al swift speede y
*King* Northumberla
The mounting Bullin
The time shall not be
More than it is, ere fou
Shall breake into corr
Though he diuide the
It is too little helping
He shall thinke that th
To plant vnrightfull k
Being nere so little vr
To plucke him headlo
The loue of wicked m
That feare to hate; an
To worthy daunger an
*North.* My guilt be
Take leaue and part, fo
*King* Doubly diuors
A two-fold marriage
And then betwixt me
Let me vnkisse the oat
And yet not so, for wi
Part vs Northumberla
Where shiuering cold
My wife to Fraunce, fr
She came adorned hith